

## Sisters' S. C. E.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

[Read at S. S. C. E. meeting, Miamisburg,  
Oct. 27, 1895, by Ada Dearth.]

"As thou sowest so shalt thou reap." Listen to the parable of the earth, as it lies far down beneath the blue heaven, or as in the cold night it looks up at the silver stars, "Here am I," it mutters, so far away from him who made me. The grass blades and the flowers lift up their heads and whisper to the breeze. The trees go far up into the golden sunshine, the birds fly up against the very heaven. The clouds are touched sometimes with glory as if they caught the splendor of the King, the stars are bright as if they shone with the light of his presence.

The parable repeats itself in the case of the seed. Take up a handful of the corn. Is it alive? you ask. Yes, with a kind of life, but all unconscious. It cannot see, or hear, or move. But it yields itself to the animal, and then its strength is turned into the part of the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the subtle nerve, the beating heart, and the animal, in turn gives itself to serve man, and is exalted to a thousand higher purposes.

And man gives himself up to God, to love him, to learn his will, and do it, and is transformed into what? Ah, who can tell of that wondrous transformation, when it is completed. We think of the redeemed, and glorified, white robed and pure, untouched by sorrow, unstained by sin. Do you ask, who are these and whence they came? These but yesterday were here as we are, earth stained, common-place men and women, tempted and afraid, selfish, sinful, without beauty or worth, were they too. But they gave themselves up to God, and now are they like him, for they see him as he is, by sacrifice not lost, but transformed to higher life.

Once when there was a school-boy returning home from school for the holiday, he arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money for his fare. In his innocence, thought every thing was complete for his journey. He had been lying in his berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for any thing, when there came the steward and stood beside him. "Your bill, sir," said he, holding out the piece of paper. "I've got no money," said he in his wretchedness. "Then I shall keep your luggage." What is your name and address. He told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, and held out his hand. I should like to shake hands with you, he said with a smile, then he explained, how the

boy's father had been kind to him and his widowed mother, Said he, "I never thought the time would come for me to repay it," but I am glad it has. And so it is with us, we can so often sow seeds of kindness with very little effort, that we may in time be repaid a hundred fold.

"Scatter kind words all around you,  
Perhaps when your mission is o'er  
The seed you have sown in a moment  
May bloom on eternity's shore"

## FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Dear Brethren and Sisters: Last week's EVANGELIST has just come, and I cannot but smile as I read of the possibility of our "rearing a monument more enduring than giants." "There were giants in those days," but I do not know that there are any these days. If there are, I know nothing of their durability, but I know that we can by earnest prayerful efforts, rear a monument that shall be more enduring than *granite*. I notice a number of typographical errors, and I cannot but wonder whether my penmanship was so bad, or the compositor sleepy.

Since my last writing I have visited the church at Williamson, Pa., in the interests of the S. S. C. E. I had a very pleasant visit with them, good congregations, good order, good attention, and good collections. Without any trouble, we succeeded in organizing a Society. They had a Y. P. S. C. E., but converted it into an S. S. C. E., thus putting themselves more in touch with the general brotherhood, and helping to advance its interests.

We hope by this time all our societies have sent in to Sister Keim, the October remittance. A letter recently received from her stated that the remittance were coming in rapidly. This is encouraging. We hope you have all remembered the Theological chair. Remember at Conference we promised to put forth every possible effort to sustain that chair during this year. Let each one do something if possible, specially for that purpose. Can we not make some little personal sacrifice, or do some work that shall bring us some compensation, and thus make a free will offering to the chair. We shall be richer for doing it,—richer in soul-wealth. Now is our opportunity. Let us do *now* the work that presents itself to us. To-day only is ours, to-morrow is beyond our reach. Opportunities once gone are gone forever. Now we may do a blessed work for Christ, but after a while the night will come, and our work if undone, must remain so forever. The long years of eternity will never bring back to us the wasted years of life, the neglected opportunities. May God bless you richly for Christ's sake.

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

## SENSELESS HURRY.

The hurry fever is rife in homes where they try to do too many things without thought or pain, and especially without stopping to consider how many of these things are not worth doing at all.

We have all seen such households. Hurry to breakfast, hurry to lunch, hurry to dinner. Hurry to bed so you may be up early. Hurry to fix the furnace, that you may hurry to fill the tubs, that you may hurry to wash the dress, that you may hurry to go to the party. Hurry up that we may hurry down. Hurry in, because we are in a hurry to go out. Hurry to finish this game, that we may have time for one more. Hurry to have the walk, for you must hurry off to church after supper. So the fretful household hurries, with knit brows, compressed lips, and tense nerves, from bustling morning to bustling evening.

It would be a fruitful experience and a shrew test for almost any one to see by actual count just how many times in a day he uses this fretful word, "hurry," and how many of these times he could have just as well avoided it.

Nothing is gained by hurry. The attitude of mind it implies is prejudicial to wise planning or proper execution. We have just so much time; scheme to do what will fill it—no more, but, indeed, much less, leaving many half hours for the unexpected. The shrewd workman well understands the paradox, "Do not do too much, and you can do more." Banish the hurry fever with the cooling diet of peace and forethought and jollity. Then your home will be a rare abode, only one remove from heaven.—*The Home Queen*.

## A TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

The following pledge, under the Divine blessing, has been found useful for children:

This little band do with our hand  
The pledge now sign to drink no wine;  
Nor brandy red, to turn our head;  
Nor crazy gin, to tempt to sin;  
Nor whiskey hot, that makes the sot;  
Nor ale nor beer, to make us queer;  
Nor fiery rum, to turn our home  
Into a hell, where none could dwell;  
Where peace would fly, where hope would die  
And love expire, 'mid such a fire.  
So here we pledge perpetual hate  
To all that can intoxicate.  
O Lord! may thine own strength be given,  
And grant that we may meet in heaven.

Distinguish between truth and your own views of truth.—*Reformed Church Messenger*.